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Interview with Phil Schwind  
in Eastham, Massachusetts

by Vivian Andrist  
December 4, 1981

Q: This is an interview with Phil Schwind, under the auspices of the Oral History Project of the Eastham Historical Society in Eastham, Massachusetts. We are in Phil and Helen Schwind's home on Widow Harding's Pond, off Samoset Road in Eastham, and the date is December 4, 1981, and the interviewer is Vivian Andrist. Phil is a lecturer, a fisherman, a shellfish expert, an authority on Cape Cod, and also a prodigious, talented writer.

Okay, Phil, let's get some personal background on you. First of all, when and where were you born?

Phil Schwind: I was born in Wollaston, which is Precinct Five of Quincy, which is seven miles south of Boston, on January 31, 1907.

Q: Now can you tell me something about your father's family. I have on my lap here a genealogy that your wife, Helen, did, right?

Phil Schwind: The thing is, my father died when I was fifteen months old. So until I was of teen-age, I never knew of my father's family. Mother was very good about taking me to my father's grave

in Everett. We had an Aunt Anna, my father's sister, in Brookline; an Uncle George in Worcester-- or Grafton, and we went to see them religiously. This was part of the family heritage.

But actually no, I never knew my father's family.

Q: What was his name?

PS: My father's name was Frank George Schwind.

Q: And do you know where the family came from at all?

PS: You have in your lap a genealogy of where they came from.

The Schwinds came from Prussia in about 1864. Am I right, Granny?  
(Refers to wife Helen as Granny)

Helen Schwind: I think it was earlier than that.

PS: Well, whereabouts. My grandfather took up a bounty and fought on the Union side-- the side of Northern Aggression, as my wife says-- and got wounded. And my grandmother was one of the first women to receive a federal pension, because of her husband's wound.

The family landed in East Boston-- apparently, as near as we can tell from the letters we have, landed in East Boston, and my father was the fifteenth child. Not all of them lived to maturity, so that the aunts and uncles were not that plentiful. But he was brought up in Boston and joined the Company M in the Second United States Cavalry and went to Cuba in the War of '98. Spent most of his service time in Fort Sheridan, Illinois.

He had met my mother before that time. I have a series of letters that he wrote, that I would hope some time to make a book.

And they were married and, as I say, he lived fifteen months after I was born.

Q: What did he die of?

PS: Acute laryngitis.

Q: What they called acute laryngitis in those days? I mean, it must have been a strep throat.

PS: That's what the doctor's certificate said, acute laryngitis. Don't ask me. Nobody ever died of laryngitis, but that's what he was supposed to have died of. I don't know. I don't know that.

Q: How about your mother? Now what was her name?

PS: My mother was Eugenia Hatch and she was the oldest daughter of the Susan Foster Hatch-Walter Maynard Hatch family. She had four brothers and sisters. In order, after my mother Eugenia, there was Aylmer, Jerusha-- Marian or Jerusha, as she was called by friends of the family-- Beulah, Walter, Jr.

Q: Is this the grandmother that you talk about in CAPE COD CHILDREN, CRITTERS AND BOATS?

PS: This was the grandmother. You see, when my father died when I was so young, Mother had to go earn a living, and she was a Home Economics teacher for the government in World War I. She was a Home Economics teacher for the Windsor School in Brookline. She also had an extensive piano teaching situation. She taught piano, she taught organ playing. But she was not home, and she had to

leave this little brat with somebody, so she left me with my grandmother. And the grandmother that I write about was Susan Foster Hatch.

Q: Is she the one on the genealogy that I have here that goes back to James Sullivan Hatch and Jerusha Clark? Now these were her parents?

PS: Her parents, grandparents, great-grandparents. How far do you want to go back? Go back eleven generations if you want to.

Q: On the Cape here.

(TAPE INTERRUPTION)

Q: We're going to have a couple of corrections here on the Hatch genealogy, and Helen, Phil's wife, is going to talk a little bit about it. The grandmother that he grew up with was named what, Helen?

Helen Schwind: Susan Foster Hatch.

Q: And how does this go back in Cape Cod genealogy? Can you talk about her parents or her father?

HS: Her father was James Sullivan Hatch and her mother was Jerusha Clark Hatch. Susan was named for her mother's sister, Susan Foster, who had been her father's-- James Sullivan's-- first wife, and died after two years of marriage. He subsequently married her younger sister, Jerusha. This name has gone down through Eastham history quite a bit. George Wiley's wife was named Susan Foster, and that was after the same person, who died so young.

Q: Well now, according to this genealogy, on Phil's grandmother's side you are related to Doane's and Snow's and Mayo's and Winckley's, all old Cape Cod names. And you also are a Mayflower boy, right?

PS: Yes. Three lines back to the Mayflower and a fourth line back fifteen generations.

HS: More than that.

Q: All right. You have Hopkins and Snow, and you have William-- Elder-- Brewster. And I'd like to tell you right now that you and I are cousins. (LAUGHTER)

PS: Ha! Ha! I'm sorry for you.

Q: Because I go back to Brewster too. Okay. Then you have-- who else here?

HS: Stephen Hopkins.

Q: Stephen Hopkins, right. Thomas Prence and Patience Brewster. That's mine too. Okay. I think probably if anybody wants to look at this genealogy, the Schwinds will have it for as long as they live, I know, and it will probably go to their children. Will it?

PS: Yes, sure.

[A copy is enclosed in the  
Schwind Family Box in the Eastham  
Public Library] *Archives?*

Q: Just so we know where some of this is, in case anybody wants to look it up, because we're doing this project so that in many, many years ahead, if people want to do research on how people lived here and what their families were, they'll be able to do it through this project.

HS: Could I say that his grandfather, his mother's father, was Walter Maynard Hatch, who was a first cousin to Susan Foster Hatch. His father was Nathan Mayo Hatch. His mother was Mary Jane Higgins, which made them first cousins. Very confusing.

Q: Well, genealogies have a tendency to be that way, but if you can find your way around in a family tree, you're doing pretty well, I think.

Let's come back to you, Phil, and your schooling. Where did you go to school, starting with elementary?

PS: Well, I went to the Wollaston Grammar School, eight grades. At that time, the Quincy High School was so overcrowded they had seventeen hundred students where eight hundred were supposed to go. And my mother wanted me to be a white collar worker and she insisted I go to Thayer Academy in South Braintree. Thayer Academy was founded by General Sylvanus Thayer, who was also the founder of West Point. It had been a very rundown organization. But I was one of the poor boys.

Well, I went five years to Thayer Academy and flunked my last year. Would you believe, Physics and Glee Club, which kept me from getting a diploma. And I was offered a scholarship-- baseball, I was that good a baseball player-- if I would go back the next year, and I bucked it. I said, no, I'm not going to be used. So I had my graduating year in high school at Milton High School. And I had a lovely time, with a school full of redheaded Irish girls that I had a wonderful time with, and I graduated from Milton High School.

I went from there to Boston University. I didn't much want

to go to college. I wanted to go to what was in those days known as a trade school. However, I went to Boston University. The first year to the School of Journalism, because I wanted to write. I had the mistaken idea that writing was an easy occupation. You could work your own hours, you could go when you wanted to and come when you wanted to. But I found that the newspaper reporter's life was something I did not want. I hate to pry into people's personal affairs. So I switched to the College of Liberal Arts, and Boston University College of Liberal Arts at that time was right back of the Boston Library. And I had a lovely time. I had more redheads that I could chase. I had a fine time, but at the end of two years at the College of Liberal Arts-- this is not what I want. So I switched to the School of Education.

Now I had learned to bluff. It isn't what you know, it's who you know, and I was putting myself-- now, by this time, my Aunt Anna Schwind had contributed to my education, but this is not what I wanted. I can teach. I proved that over the years. I've taught calisthenics to the grammar school, I've taught algebra to the high school, I have taught English to the Adult Education class, I have taught shellfish management at the Cape Cod Community College. I can teach, but I cannot teach what the book says I must teach. I can only teach what I know. And I could not conform.

So in my last year at Boston University-- I was three and a half years through now-- I met a redheaded Virginian, and she was much more valuable than the last half-year at college. And this has been proven over fifty years.

Q: And this was Helen?

PS: This was Helen. So-- her mother was a widow, my mother was a widow, both of them had planned on our supporting them in their old age, and we couldn't see it that way. So we eloped to Hyannis. And we had three hundred dollars for capital, and I worked for-- I had worked the year before in the summertime rebuilding the Barnstable High School. Roomed with a lovely creature, named Ma Pierce, and Ma Pierce kind of went out on a limb for us. When I went down to declare our intentions-- understand in those days there was no blood sampling, there was no-- the only thing is you had to post a notice in the local paper of your intention to marry previous to your marriage.

And I borrowed a friend's Ford, drove down from Quincy-- Wollaston-- went to the police station, which was the wrong place to go. Went to the Town Clerk's office and declared intention. Said my occupation was a writer, my wife's occupation was secretary. We got a permit to get married. We came down on the 5:45 train from Boston. I broke my typewriter on the way down, taking it off the rack. This was what I was going to make my living with.

We got to Ma Pierce's and Ma would not let us sleep in the same room until we had married. This turned out to be the coldest night in the year. So we walked to the Reverend Schultz's house, and the Reverend Schultz said, oh, my goodness-- we sat in his living room and it was cold. I mean, it was not heated. And the Reverend Schultz showed up and married us.

So we ran back all the way to Ma Pierce's. You don't want to hear what went on that night. I'm sure you don't want to hear what went on.



Q: Well, I assume I would know.

(LAUGHTER)

PS: Ma Pierce gave us a creaky bed, and her young son George was in the next bedroom, and I'm afraid we kept George awake all night.

(LAUGHTER)

However, I tried to write. I tried desperately to write. I worked I think perhaps harder than I ever have since.

Q: Excuse me. Had you sold anything up to this time?

PS: Not anything to amount to anything. Because of nepotism, I had sold an article to the Boston Globe.

Q: You were not writing fiction, you were writing non-fiction?

PS: Well, I wanted to do a kind of a Cape Cod Kenneth Roberts thing. I thought there was a tremendous field here. There were so many stories about the Cape that nobody had ever taken advantage of. This is what I wanted to-- I would never be a novel writer. My whole training was for short stories, but, unfortunately, the short story is nothing, it's no longer. The short story is gone.

But this was what I wanted to do. I wanted to do a local scene that I knew about, that I could really live with. But it didn't work that way. And at the end-- what, six weeks, Granny?-- I think about six weeks, we went back to Wollaston. Economics beat me. And we went back and I went to work. I went to work for the Waterworks, the Quincy Waterworks, that I had worked for while putting myself through college. Drove a truck for thirty dollars a week. Then we got cut to twenty-five dollars a week. Then we got

cut to three days, which was fifteen dollars, less ten per cent for the city's unemployed. It was a voluntary donation, but if you didn't give the donation you didn't have a job next week.

Q: What was the date of this?

PS: That would be-- 1931?

HS: Yes. We were married in '31, January 24th.

PS: That would be the summer of '31. And things were pretty rough. About this time we were living with my mother in Wollaston-- and about this time Helen discovered she was pregnant. Well, we went to the old family doctor for seven months, and at the end of seven months he said, I am sorry, but I don't handle pregnancy cases any more. Your wife is probably going to have to have a Caesarean.

Now we had saved, I think, a hundred and fifty dollars. Wasn't that about right?

HS: Sounds right.

PS: I think it was about a hundred and fifty dollars. After all, I'm making twelve dollars and a half a week. How much do you save? So we went to Dr. Whitehouse and Dr. Whitehouse said, when he examined Helen, you're going to have to have a Caesarean operation and that's five hundred dollars cash in advance. I said, well, it's nice to see you, Doc. Goodbye. He said, hold on. How much are you making? I said, I'm making twelve dollars and a half a week. How much can you pay me? Well, I said, maybe I can get my mother to give me credit for my rent. We're paying fifty-five dollars a

month rent, but maybe she will give me credit for this. We have a hundred and fifty dollars.

So Paula was born, our daughter. Caesarean. I think probably the worst time in my life, the absolutely worst night in my life, was when I left Helen in the hospital to be operated on the next morning, and I walked up across the railroad bridge and just in front of me a man jumped overboard and committed suicide in front of the express train. Perhaps that was the low.

However, we survived. I had some wonderful friends among the bosses at the Waterworks. And Granny came home at the end of three weeks with a splendid little baby. Beautiful! Beautiful! I hate babies, but Paula, except for one exception, she was the most beautiful baby I've ever seen. With a Caesarean, she came out all roses and cream. Beautiful!

So we went back and I went from there to managing a Howard Johnson's stand. Don't get me into Howard/ I don't want to put this on record.

Q: Could we back up a little, Phil? Could we find out a little bit about Helen's background? You were born in Virginia, right?

HS: Yes, I was born in Petersburg, Virginia, October the 6th, 1904. My father died when I was three years old. A very strange coincidence-- my father died in January and Phil's died in March of that same year. And so we neither one had a father. We both acquired stepfathers, but not in time to be of any real help to us. So when I was six, my mother remarried and we came to live in Boston. My stepfather attended MIT, and after a year there we moved to

Springfield, Massachusetts. He had a job teaching there, and I lived there for twelve years, until I was through high school and had a job, as a matter of fact.

Then my mother wanted to go to Florida. She was tired of the cold. And this was Florida boom days. So she got me a very good job, twice as much money as I was making, in an insurance office. And I went down there with her, which I always felt was a great mistake, but still, I might have married a man in the insurance office. Instead of Phil. (LAUGHTER)

So I worked down there, but times were very hard, and finally I was just working for nothing. But I, being half Scottish, had saved some money, and I came up to Boston. And that's where I worked for two years and that's where I met Phil.

Q: What were you doing when you met him?

HS: I was working in an engineer's office.

PS: She was making more money than I made for twenty years after.

Q: As a secretary?

HS: Yes. Yes. The company I was working for was trading with the Amtog Trading Company at that time, setting up power plants in Russia, and the Amtog was Russian. So that's what we were doing.

Q: What was your maiden name?

HS: Helen McAllister Brown.

PS: She looked like Helen Brown. Right? (LAUGHTER)

Q: The girl with the red hair.

PS: Yes, this is it.

Q: Okay. Thank you, Helen. We'll now pick up where I interrupted you before.

PS: Well, I worked for Howard Johnson and I was unhappy. I got a chance to go back to work for the Waterworks in Quincy, driving a truck, but it was a dead end job. It was just one of those things where-- so I'm making as much money as top executives are making, but where are we going from here?

Well, I had bought this land that we live on when I was seventeen years old. God knows why.

Q: You must have come down to the Cape then-- ?

PS: I came down with my grandparents, with Walter and Susan.

Q: And they had a place where?

PS: Down the road here a quarter of a mile. The big white house on the corner?

I don't know why. I have no idea what motivated me to buy the land, except that I was ornery. And everybody in the family owned land, except I didn't own any land. So Cousin Ed Clark, who had an asparagus field-- here, right where we are-- you wouldn't believe today, there was no tree on this land. This was all asparagus field. And Uncle Ed, as I called him, used to let me ride his white horse to cultivate the asparagus. Of course, the horse knew

more about it than I did. And at the end of a hard day's work, riding the horse up and down the *furrows*, he would pull out his pigskin purse, which was six inches deep, and give me a brand-new shiny nickel for riding the horse.

Q: How old were you?

PS: Well, I was-- what? Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen years old. I had done this for a number of summers, like for a week or two weeks. So Uncle Ed sold me the piece of land for a hundred dollars. This was a hundred feet on the road and a hundred feet on the pond and two hundred and seventy feet deep, I guess. This was long before zoning and planning.

He had a thing about-- he wanted this end of the town to be developed, and he would not sell you a piece of land unless you would promise to build a house on it. Now all these years, from the time I was seventeen till the time I was-- what? Twenty-five-- the land had laid idle. And Uncle Ed had long died.

So Helen said, let's go to Cape Cod and build a house and leave this rat race. She was the spark plug. Well, I had one of those treadmill jobs. You know, you work, you make money, you spend the money, you go home, you spend the money, you work. You know, just round and round and round.

So we decided to build a house here. Well, the original house as we planned it was twelve by twelve. We bought lumber in Duane's Building Wrecking Company in Quincy for a cent a board foot. Now I knew no more about carpentering than I know now about flying an airplane. I didn't know there was a ripsaw and a crosscut saw. I

thought you cut everything with the same saw.

However, we would spend five dollars, or two dollars and a half or whatever we could spend, put it on the top of the Model-A Ford and drive to Eastham. About this time I got put on a split shift deal. We had gone back to five days a week, but I was working three days and two nights.

Q: This is when?

PS: This is in '31?

HS: We were married in '31.

PS: '32. '33 maybe. '33, I guess. So we'd buy ten dollars worth of lumber, drive to Eastham. I would do my stupid bit of carpentry-- I've been paying for it ever since-- and build a little bit and build a little bit and build a little bit, and we went on along that way.

And then we finally decided that-- let's get out of here. We both had had it. So-- what was it, '34 we moved here?

HS: April. April 1st.

PS: April of '34. I threw up my bountiful job of twenty-five dollars a week. But it was good. It was good in those days. I threw up my job. And my boss was wonderful, Gil Whitman. He gave me two weeks vacation with pay and we moved everything down here. Now we had about three hundred dollars cash surplus. I knew nobody in town but Bud [Albion] and Christine Rich and Zibe [Alton] and Harriet Crosby. Zibe and Christine were second cousins, once removed.

I had no marketable skills. I was strong. I was strong and I was willing. Town wages at that time were forty cents an hour. I can remember going to Town Meeting and bucking a ten cent an hour raise, and Nate Nickerson saying to me-- who was the Road Surveyor at the time-- saying, I don't see you asking for a job on the Town road. And I said, I can't work that slow. (LAUGHTER) In Town Meeting. This is a matter of record.

There was plenty of work. The Cape never knew the Depression. If you wanted to work, there was work. At the end of that first summer-- we had in the meantime added to our twelve by twelve house. We'd made it twelve by eighteen. And then we added on from there from there from there.

I was working eighteen hours a day at fifty cents an hour and then sixty cents an hour, when town wages were forty cents an hour. There was plenty of work if you were willing to work. So I got into the shellfish business because it was the thing you could get into. Leslie Chase was Town Clerk. He was very nice. He said, you brought your family here, you brought your furniture here, you intend to live here. You know, we're going through this residency thing right now. You intend to live in Eastham, we'll give you a commercial license, it'll cost you a dollar.

Quahogs were ninety cents a pound-- wait a minute, wait a minute-- ninety cents a hundred pounds--

HS: A bushel. Well, more than a bushel.

PS: Ninety cents a bushel. Yes, actually about a cent a pound. However, it was a way to piece out what you could make. And I



cut asparagus for Prince Murd, Sr. I dug turnips for Abbott Knowles. I planted raspberry bushes for Shinner Dill. Fred Dill. Fred Dill his name was.

Q: Fred Dill?

PS: Fred Dill. Where the--

Q: What did you call him?

HS: Wonderstrand Farm was Fred Dill's.

PS: Shinner. Shinner Dill. I don't know why he was called that. He was a Spanish War veteran. His face was almost blue. He chewed aspirins like you would chew cough drops. He owned the insurance company and whatever. We'd insured with Shinner Dill. The nice thing about Shinner, I went down there-- of course, in those days car insurance was not what it is now. And I went down with a twenty dollar deposit on my insurance, and I said, Mr. Dill, I'm sorry to be so slow. This is in advance, but I'm sorry I haven't any more money. And he said, look, I don't mind people coming in here a year or two years late, paying their insurance bill, but when people go over three years, I won't carry them any longer.

In those days, we went to Town Meeting--

Q: Where was it held?

PS: In the old Town Hall. What is now public offices. And I learned parliamentary law of necessity, because the town was run by a half a dozen old bucks. And somebody would get up and say, "I

move-- blah-blah-blah-blah-- I move blah-blah-blah-- " And the Moderator would say, "All those opposed, all those in favor, it's a vote." And you never got a chance to open your mouth.

So the STANDARD TIMES put out a booklet for ten cents to learn parliamentary law, and I learned parliamentary law. Now I have been accused in Town Meeting of being a parliamentarian. Yes, but in those days you had to be. You had to be. They would run Town Meeting, these few-- Peter Higgins, Shinner Dill, Ralph Chase, Maurice Wiley, they would run Town Meeting and I'll tell you--

MS: Albion Rich, Sr.

PS: Albion Rich. If you didn't know parliamentary law, you never got to be heard. So I learned all of the tricks through delay. I learned to move a point of question. Nobody can stop a question motion, and then you can hold it up until you can get what you have to say in. I moved indefinite postponement, which is never satisfactory in Eastham. Eastham has never gone along with indefinite postponement. I moved tabling the motion, which has never been all that-- but these were delaying tactics, so that you could-- or you or you or you could get up to be heard. They were delaying tactics, and I learned that very, very well. And I'm distressed today that more people don't know parliamentary law, because they do a lot of things in Town Meeting today that I don't approve of.

Well, where we went from there-- I met Frank Ryder. Old Frank Ryder, who was, I guess-- what? No older than we, was he? Not very much. And we went to digging razor clams, and it killed me. I was young and I was very strong. After all, I had put myself

through college with pick and shovel. No man was bigger than I was. And I went with old Frank, who was half my size and twice my age, and he could kill me razor-clamming.

And his brother Luther, who was older and smaller, could beat Frank.

But we dug razor clams. We went clam digging. We went-- whatever. Frank took me around. An awful lot that Frank taught me I had to unlearn, because much of it was old wives' tales, it was not true. However, he did teach me a fantastic amount about the shore. And we sweat-- we did everything. We speared eels, we dragged flounders, we got round wrinkles-- moonsnails, if you will. We got conchs. I know a hundred ways to make a living around the shore that nobody's taking today. Frank would never let me in on his periwinkle business. In those days he got seventeen dollars a barre<sup>el</sup>

Q: For periwinkles?

PS: For periwinkles. But he would never let me in on that, because he had a very limited market. However, I learned an awful lot.

And then I got to long raking. Brad Steele came-- and Brad Steele, somebody should do a book on Brad Steele.

Q: Who was Brad Steele?

PS: Who was Brad Steele?

HS: He was Bill Steele's son and--

PS: Bill Steele's son. Bill Steele was a barber, and when Bill

Steele was eighty, he did an elbow stand on an upright post in the Town Hall. You know what I mean? Put your left elbow into your stomach and hold your body out straight. When he was eighty!

HS: Brad's brother was Malcolm Steele, the barber in Orleans.

PS: Half-brother. And Freddie [Too] Turner was a half-brother.

Q: What did Brad Steele do? Was he a fisherman?

PS: Well, I had bought a boat-- go read CAPE COD FISHERMAN. I had bought a boat and Brad came around and he said, "You've got a boat and I've got knowledge and let's put the two together and go make a dollar in Pleasant Bay." Long-raking for quahogs.

Well, Brad was a very, very sweet guy. I don't know anybody that didn't love Brad. Do you?

HS: He'd been a cook. He'd been in the Coast Guard. He was a cook in the Coast Guard. And he really was a wonderful cook. Taught me a great deal about cooking shellfish.

PS: So Brad and I went long-raking. In '34?

HS: Oh, not then, because that's when we came down. Ten years later.

PS: No, it wasn't that much later. '35 maybe. '35. I could tell you stories about Brad you wouldn't believe.

Q: Are they in your book?

PS: Yes, many of them are in the book.

Q: Are in THE CAPE COD FISHERMAN?

PS: Yes. Many of them are in the book. You know, there are people who are lovely people no matter what they do. You know whereof I speak? There are other people that, God help us, no matter how nice they are, I don't want any part of them.

Well, Brad was one of those people. I never knew anybody who didn't like Brad. He was half-blind in one eye.

HS: Tell her about the cows. I think that's awfully funny.

PS: Well, that's one of the stories in the--

Q: That's in the book too?

HS: Yes, I guess.

PS: Brad's vision was poor, very poor. So we were out there and he taught me about ranges. Now, he said, what you do is line up two objects on the shore, one behind the other. Then you know that way. Then you look over here and you line up two objects on the shore. Then you know precisely what it is. He said, now you take that brown rock up in the fields. Okay? And a seagull down on this rock. Well, I said, Brad, the brown rock is a cow and it's moved, and the seagull has flown off. (LAUGHTER)

But Brad was that way. I learned an awful lot. You know, I've been very, very lucky, the men that I've worked with, because each one of the men I've learned something. So we went on and we went

from quahogging-- and then I got sciatica in '43. I went up to Boston and the doctor said to me-- in the draft. I was within three weeks of being over-age when I got drafted. I went up to Boston and the doctor said to me, "What the hell are you doing up here? You're a cripple. You're no asset to the Army." So I came home and went back to fishing again. This is all in the book. And it went on from there.

I think the thing perhaps that the people today don't understand was we always did what we wanted to. I never had a Social Security number. I never had to say, yes sir, until I went to work for Frances Langford in Florida.

Not many people-- I said to my son-in-law the other day when he was here at Thanksgiving-- not many people can say they never did anything they didn't want to do. And we never did. Oh, sure, we didn't always have turkey at Thanksgiving. You know, we had to make or do with-- Jimmy Hardy used to say, fried eels and turnips. (LAUGHTER) But we did what we wanted to do and we were not beholden to anybody. And to this day I get very uptight if somebody does me a favor and I can't repay the favor. I get very uptight over it.

TAPE ONE, SIDE TWO

PS: I think my college education took, if you know what I mean. I think I learned. I had some fantastic teachers. And I went up to Hobbs one day at the CAPE CODDER. Yes, March 21st, 1963.

Q: '63?

PS: '63. And I said to Hobbs, you know, your column on the

charterboat fleet stinks. All you ever do is publish a box score, which nobody reads except the persons whose names are misspelled. And he said, why don't you write it yourself? Well, I said, I might just do that.

It was a lie. It was not true. That the truth of the matter was this and this and so on. And in the column they had mentioned the Goose Hummock Shop, and I said I liked the Goose Hummock Shop. I wrote a letter to the editors that I liked the Goose Hummock Shop, I liked Freddie McFarlane. But Freddie, I can remember when he didn't know the difference between a fly rod and flypaper. All he knew was they both caught things.

So Freddie McFarlane answered back and he said, whether or not I knew a fly rod from flypaper in 1946, the Goose Hummock Shop enjoyed Captain Phil's letter to the editors and so did I. The publicity was welcoming. I always say it's a Phil Schwind that blows no good. (LAUGHTER)

Q: That's where the title came from?

PS: So that's where the title came from. So, anyhow, I started to write a column for THE CAPE CODDER. Now if anyone wants to write they must be careful of this, because I found if I wrote four hundred and fifty words and stopped, then I got on the editorial page the same place in the paper every time, so that people reading would know where to look. But if I wrote six hundred words or seven hundred words or eight hundred words, then they wouldn't know where to find the column.

So this in later years crimped my style, because after thirteen years I became very used to writing four hundred and fifty words and stopped. Okay?

However, it went on and along in October I went to Hobbs and I said, hey, the charterboat fleet has pulled out. There's no more



to write about. Why don't we knock it off till next April? And he said, well, you've been telling lies for years, why don't you keep on telling lies?

Now, you may think that's easy, but after thirteen years of fifty weeks a year, to keep on telling new lies, I began to run out of lies. It was getting to the point where it was a strain and there were days-- now I want to tell you, I sat here all day Sunday, because my deadline was Monday at ten o'clock. And I sat here all day Sunday, staring off into space, trying to think up, for God's sake, a new lie. (LAUGHTER)

Q: I hope you got paid for this, Phil.

PS: I got paid ten dollars a week. Big deal.

Q: In the sixties.

PS: So when I got through, when the Town fired me because I was too old, I went up to Hobbs and I said, look, I'm now retired and I feel like I've been writing this column for thirteen years, with no increase, no cost-of-living increase in pay, and I think maybe you should give me an increase. I've got to have more money. So Hobbs said, no more money. So I said, write your own damn column. So when I quit was in June of that year<sup>1976</sup>. He couldn't believe it. He said, hey, you quit. Well, I never say a thing like I quit, unless I mean it. And I quit.

Well, I started to write and I wrote THE STRIPED BASS AND OTHER CAPE COD FISH. I guess I wrote that while I was still writing the column. That was <sup>for</sup> The Chatham Press. And that should have been  
A

reprinted. It never should have been in paperback to begin with.

Q: Okay. I've got that in June of 1968 you published CANDLES FROM BAYBERRIES. Was that your first book?

PS: No. No, the first one was STRIPED BASS AND OTHER CAPE COD FISH. When the hell was that? '67.

Q: Oh. Well, then this must have been reprinted in '72.

PS: No, it was not reprinted.

Q: It wasn't? The date inside the book was '72.

PS: Shut your damn machine off.

Q: Okay.

(TAPE INTERRUPTION)

Q: We're going back a ways here.

PS: Yes. When I was fishing with Frank Ryder, we had to have clearance papers from the Coast Guard. As Shellfish Officer, I had to have a-- the Coast Guard had an auxiliary station--

HS: It was during the war.

PS: Yes, during the Second World War. At Shurtleff Landing. And as Shellfish Officer, I got three hundred and fifty dollars a year. I had to check in-- and I had seventeen gallons of gas a week. And I had to check in at Shurtleff Landing, if I went to the First

Encounter. Then when I came off the First Encounter, I had to check at Shurtleff Landing before I could operate off Kingsbury Beach. Then when I came off Kingsbury Beach, I had to check with the Coast Guard so that I could go off at Thumpertown. And this is idiocy. I'm going to spend all my seventeen gallons of gasoline running back and forth to the Coast Guard Station.

Well, at that time Frank and I had gone striped bass fishing, and every Monday morning we had to go to the Coast Guard Station and we had to have clearance papers from Rock Harbor to Wellfleet, Wellfleet to Rock Harbor, Rock Harbor to Barnstable, Barnstable to Rock Harbor, Rock Harbor to Provincetown, Provincetown to Rock Harbor, Provincetown to Wellfleet, Provincetown to Barnstable.

Well, we didn't know what we were doing and we were ranging all over the place, and we covered-- well, Helen will tell you there was three weeks I never slept at home. I slept in the boat. And every Monday morning we'd go to the Coast Guard Station, and the Number One man over there at the time would groan and he said, oh, you bastards are back here again. And he would have to sign all of these idiot papers that we had to go from here to-- .

Well-- I think it's in the book, but one of the nicest things was Frank and I had been fishing out here in the Bay and the wind had come northeast and the tide was coming in and it meant wherever we anchored, we were going to be thrashed to death, with the wind against the tide. So we ran into Campground and grounded the boat ~~off the~~ ~~liberty~~, knowing the tide was running out, knowing we had a relatively flat bottom, knowing we could get a night's sleep.

Well, Frank, of course, was deafer than I am. And I woke up-- I don't know, sometime, five or six o'clock in the morning-- and here are two Coast Guardsmen outside with large revolvers. "What are you doing here? Are you shipwrecked?" I said, "No, we came in here to anchor to be peaceful all night, to get a night's sleep."

So we went through the ritual and finally I said, "Would you like to look in the cabin? We don't have any electronic gear. We don't have any machineguns or whatever." So here's Frank, and Frank used to get a shave once a week whether he needed it or not. So he has a six-day growth of gray beard on his face and he's flat on his back with his mouth wide open, and the Coast Guard boys said, "My God, he's dead!" And I said, "He's just deaf, that's all." (LAUGHTER)

So I sold them the two fish we had caught the day before for, I think, five dollars or something like that. They went out, and when the tide came in, Frank woke up, and Frank said, "Where's the fish?" And I said, "I just sold them to the Coast Guard."

But we had a lot of fun.

HS: Didn't you have to go in the ocean by Camp Wellfleet when they were practicing the aerial gunnery there?

PS: No. No. They had-- and this was I'm sure-- they had a mined area off Provincetown. No, the gunnery-- yeah, we went by, but we hugged the shore. We hugged tight into the shore, so they never bothered to shoot at us.

Q: Did they have target practice with a sleeve?

PS: The lovely story about that is the recruit that they've got--

after they were firing at the plane flying a target over, and somebody said, how did you like the target practice? And the kid said, well, that's fine, but what was that thing behind the plane that was fired at? (LAUGHTER)

Q: He was firing at the plane?

MS: Luckily he wasn't a good shot.

Q: Right. Listen, what's the story on that German submarine that was supposed to have come in off of Orleans?

PS: That was before our time.

MS: That was World War I.

Q: Oh, that was World War I. I'm sorry. Okay.

PS: But we do have perhaps the only picture taken of a lifeboat from an English vessel. The vessel was torpedoed offshore and the lifeboat came in on the beach. So we have two-- three pictures of the lifeboat.

MS: I think Noel has used those. You let him use those. Of course, we weren't supposed to go down there with a camera.

PS: Those Coast Guard kids were real nice. You know, they're from Iowa or Wisconsin and never saw saltwater. This kid said, what are you doing down here? And I said, I'm going down and take pictures. And he said, you can't go down there and take pictures. And I said, I know that. What's that you've got? And I said, this is a camera.

And <sup>he</sup>~~they~~ said, you can't take a camera down there. And I said, I know that. And so we went right on by him-- like this. And I think perhaps we had the only pictures that were ever taken of that lifeboat.

HS: Because the road had been closed. No one was allowed to go to the Coast Guard Station until the men had been transferred to Boston, the sailors that had come in in the boat.

Q: Was this an English freighter?

PS: Yeah. Yeah.

HS: You did think that you saw submarines in the bay.

PS: Yes. That's one of those things that probably was so, but whether it was so or not, I don't know. I had a double-ender at the time, "The String Bean", and shellfishermen do not go by the clock. They go by the tide. So we were going over to Billingsgate to go whatever kind of shellfishing we were doing, I don't remember, and "The String Bean" had a little four-cylinder Dodge motor. Beautiful piece of machinery. I wish I could buy one today. Beautiful piece of machinery. And the <sup>boat</sup>~~motor~~ made practically no noise in the water. Now we knew there was nobody out. Nobody out of the harbor. We were the only boat moving. And because you can see better at night with no lights than you can with any lights, all the lights were out and I knew where I was going. I was on a north by west course. I knew where I was running. And it was a beautiful calm-- flat calm-- bright moonlight night. Not moonlight, but bright stars. Flat

calm.

So I'm jogging along, Frank is sitting back eating his early breakfast, so to speak-- you know, like three o'clock in the morning-- and all of a sudden in front of me-- everything is-- you understand, it's absolutely quiet, there's no sound. All of a sudden lights spring up all over the place.

Well, you think quickly at a time like that. What the hell is this? It doesn't belong here. So I changed my course to go around these lights, and I put on every light in the boat. I threw switches like mad to turn the lights on in the boat. The lights all went out.

Q: How funny!

PS: Well, not very funny. Quite frightening. Quite frightening. Because what's going on-- we are now in twenty-eight feet of water, thirty-four feet of water maybe. The submarines of those days did not draw the water that they do today. So four fathom, five fathom was, you know, enough for them. What's this apparition in front of me?

So Frank, deaf as he was, came up on deck and he said, hey, did you see all those lights? And I don't want to talk, because I have to yell. <sup>Every</sup> /one could hear me ashore when I talked to Frank ~~going by here~~, I had to yell that loud. That's literally true. So I just turned around the thing, because I could visualize the fifty-caliber machinegun going Br-r-r-r-r-r-r, and that's the end of us.

Q: Could it have been an American sub?

HS: Very likely.

PS: It could have been anything. It could have been anything.  
So we went around the thing and then continued on our way.

HS: Bernard Collins was mixed up with them. Of course, he's gone now.

PS: Bernard Collins was mixed up in the Naval Intelligence at the time.

Q: Would Abby know about it?

HS: She might.

PS: I doubt that very much.

HS: I have a SATURDAY EVENING POST-- they wrote an article about him and about all this, and I think I've got it. I don't know where in the world it is though. If I ever find it, I'll let you have it.

PS: It was very hush-hush. But when we got over to Billingsgate, I anchored and I stayed on deck. In those days my hearing was better than it is now. I never heard a motor start. There was no wind, so no sailboat could operate. There was never a sound of somebody firing up a motor or running a motor. Daylight came and there was no sound of any motor.

I called Bernard when I came home, and I said, hey, Bernard-- told him the story-- and there was no boat out of any Cape Cod harbor.

We did have scares, goodness knows, about German spies being landed on these shores. We did see as we came by the shore, lights which were apparently blinking at First Encounter. But if you've



been on the water enough at night, you'd know that you can get an optical illusion, because there are trees between you and the light. Whether there was a light blinking-- well, it was so quiet you could hear dogs barking on shore and no sound of any motor.

HS: No one was allowed near the shore, you see, without one of these Coast Guard permits. In other words, I couldn't take the children and go down to the beach. We weren't allowed to go near the shore all during the war.

Q: If there were no other boats out, how come you were out there?

PS: Well, we were going clamming at Billingsgate. Nobody else was going clamming.

HS: And they had clearance, you see.

PS: Yes, we went out because this was the way we were making our living and there was nobody else doing it at that time.

But Bernard checked with all the harbors on the Cape and there was no other boat out at that time of the morning. And it was one of those things that-- you know, you think awful quick in an emergency, and I just thought the thing to do is to go around this thing. It doesn't belong there. Let's get away from it. So I put on all my lights and I opened the throttle and we turned away from there, and we never saw any more of it. But there's no question in my mind but what it was a German submarine ~~under~~<sup>by</sup> loading saboteurs, because they had all kinds of scares about saboteurs on the Cape at that time.

Q: It was that big, the lights?

PS: Well, it was like from here to here. You know, complete vision. And I think what happened, I think the German submarine came in to the very limit of their depth, because, as I say, there was twenty-eight to thirty-five feet of water at that tide, and those subs were small. And here we come chugging out of the harbor-- blind, you know, no lights, and they think, gee, this is the boat that's going to contact us, because why else would you run without lights. And they put their lights on to get the signal and we didn't give the right signal. So they put their lights out and I put my lights out and I went elsewhere.

Q: You said you were scared.

PS: Well, let's put it this way, I wasn't very happy. (LAUGHTER) I got to thinking about this scared business the other night. I read a thing about a boat caught in a hurricane. I rode out Hurricane Carol offshore. No, I was not scared. Not ever. I was not happy. I was not contented. I was very much concerned. In fact, the next day both Peter and I-- Peter was mating for me-- we both of us were completely emotionally exhausted. And physically exhausted.

No, if you live on the water, you don't scare easy. You can become very concerned, you can be very unhappy, but if you're scared, you don't live. If you're frightened, you don't live. Of all the years of my fishing, I've only known two or three people that come an emergency, I would want with me. Now, I don't believe you can

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understand what I'm saying, but there comes a time when you have to act without thinking, and anybody who freezes-- and I have seen people freeze, I've seen people absolutely "phfft, ah-h-h-h". There are probably only two or three people in all the years that I fished, that I had with me, that I would say, okay, let's get the maximum emergency-- these people I'd like. My own son Peter, Freddie Harris-- with the one arm-- Art Gorham, who is now gone, I guess. And I don't know anybody else, that would perform, do what had to be done. No matter what the emergency was, they would still go about doing what had to be done. It's a thing. It's a thing about people. You can't learn this.

Q: Some you can trust and some you can't?

PS: Well, it's-- I just don't know how to say it. It's a thing that-- people go to pieces in an emergency.

Q: Sometimes--

PS: Many times, many times, many times.

Q: Incidentally, Phil, have you had any experience with rescuing small boats in trouble out here?

PS: Oh, God! Don't talk!

Q: Have you put that in a book? I don't remember.

PS: Now wait a minute.

(TAPE INTERRUPTION)

PS: Emergencies in the Bay, yes. Rescue people, yes. No charter-

boat captain ever talks about the people you save.

Q: Why?

PS: Well, people are afraid of saltwater. They're afraid of something they don't understand, they don't know. And there are enough scare stories, so let's not add to it. I don't expect there is a week goes by in the summertime but what <sup>some</sup> charterboat captain or commercial fisherman picks up a weekend admiral. Weak-- spelled w-e-a-k. The weekend admiral.

No, this is the thing we don't talk about, simply because why scare people. I could tell you stories for the next two hours of idiots who went out in inadequate boats with no experience, who defied all the commercial fishermen and charterboat fishermen, and-- hell, the salesman told me, "this little darling will go anywhere any time."

No, the stories about that are endless. They're absolutely endless.

Q: When did you start charterboating?

PS: Well, I started actually-- I got my license in, I think, '46.

Q: How come?

PS: Well, what happened was this. We were commercial fishing for stripers. Now, we invented the business of trolling for stripers. Nobody had ever done this before. Frank Ryder and I were the first. Our tackle was rudimentary. We didn't know what the hell we were doing. '43, '44, '45-- I quit Frank because he was so damn stubborn

and wouldn't change his ways. Well, I fished with Whit in the fall of '45-- or '44-- and in '45 I quit Whit-- in '46, because he too was so stubborn he wouldn't change his ways. I tied in with Harris. I quit Harris because-- well, there were a lot of reasons.

But by this time we had a fleet of some fifteen to eighteen boats out of Rock Harbor, and the poorest fishermen-- the fishermen who got the least fish-- were now taking passengers for hire at ten dollars a head. The stripers at that time were-- what? Anywheres from three to twenty-eight cents a pound. So if you got a hundred pounds at fifteen cents a pound, you get fifteen dollars. So here's a clown who can't catch enough stripers to eat, who's taking four people and making forty dollars.

So I got a license-- Harris talked me into it, and I got a license, and the licenses were much easier in those days. This is also in CAPE COD FISHERMAN. In '49 I got fed up, because what we were trying to do was wrong. We were trying to charterboat and commercial fish at the same time. In other words, we were trying to catch the most fish-- which a commercial fisherman does-- but we were taking money from people, and they would go home with fifty, sixty, seventy dollars worth of fish, and they'd paid thirty or forty dollars to go fishing.

In '49 I quit charterboating. I wouldn't take anybody, no matter how much money they had, I wouldn't take them fishing. And I made about the same money at the end of the year, but, boy, I worked a hell of a lot harder. I worked a lot more. So I went back.

Then we went to Florida in-- what? '51? '51.

Q: How did that come about?

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PS: Well, I'd heard about Florida and I was very curious and I couldn't find anybody who would tell me anything about Florida. Charlie Mayo had been to Florida, Charlie wouldn't give me the time of day. About the fishing.

So I made a killing on flounders in Tox Arzey's Pond. I made nine hundred dollars in one week, net. This is the most money I ever made up to that time, fishing. So I came home and I gave Granny-- this was just before New Year's Day-- I said here's four hundred and fifty dollars for you and I'm taking four hundred and fifty dollars and I'm going to Florida and find out about what this here now fishing is all about.

You don't sit still. You sit still, you become a vegetable. Okay? So I left on New Year's morning, drove to Florida, I got a job. It's my misfortune, in the eight years I went to Florida, I was never in Florida over twenty-four hours without a job. Everywhere I went, somebody wanted somebody to go to work. I never got to see Florida. We never got to the West Coast.

Q: You went with him, Helen?

PS: No. No, not that first trip. Frank Ryder. Frank heard I was going. He bragged that he had been over the Bridge twice, once going, once coming. And that was all he was going to. He heard I was going to Florida and he wanted to go to Florida. Wanted to go to Jacksonville. Well, I didn't much want to take him, but he had been very sweet to me, he had helped me immeasurably, and I can't say no. Furthermore, he turned around and said, well, I'll

pay for the gas and oil.

Q: Can't turn that one down.

HS: No. Even in those days.

PS: So we went to Florida and I left Frank in-- he didn't like Jacksonville. Jacksonville's a city. He didn't like that at all. So I took him on down. I got to New Smyrna and I wanted to get shut of him, because you don't go looking for a job with somebody hanging on your back, you know. And I left him in a boarding house where the woman had two deaf men and one blind man. Of course, Frank was deaf too, so now there's three deaf ones. Frank made more money in Florida that year than I did.

Q: What did he do?

PS: He got the blind man to go with him. The blind man-- I don't know, paid for the boat, Frank paid for the motor, and they went out in that Intercoastal and caught fish and sold them. If you gave that man a piece of string and a hook, he could make his living. He was just fantastic.

Anyway, I went on down to New Smyrna-- I mean to Hillsboro Inlet. I left Frank in New Smyrna and I went to Pompano Beach and I got a job, the only in a hundred and twenty-five commercial boats. Thanks to-- I had a pint of Old Crow whiskey, hundred proof. And at the end of three weeks I called Helen and I said, hey, I've got a job. I made thirty-seven dollars in the last three days. I've hired a trailer. Come on down.

Well, her saga is beyond anything I ever went through. She left here with Peter-- when was it, the first of February?

HS: February 4th.

PS: The railroad<sup>s</sup> were on strike, the airlines were on strike, nothing was moving. The only way to move was by bus. So Bob Whiting--

HS: We got a terrible snowstorm, like this.

PS: Bob Whiting plowed through two feet of snow to get her up to the bus. You were-- what, twelve hours to Providence?

HS: No, no, twelve hours to New York. That was bad enough.

PS: And she didn't have wit enough to get off the bus. Well, she was afraid if she got off the bus, she couldn't get back on.

HS: See, where there were no planes or trains, everybody wanted the bus, and I was afraid I couldn't get back on if I got off.

PS: She went right straight through from here to Pompano Beach in Florida without ever getting off the bus.

HS: Tuesday afternoon we got there. Left here Sunday morning at eight o'clock.

PS: It was an unhappy experience, but I learned-- I learned, believe me. I fished out of every port on the East Coast of Florida except Jacksonville. And I skipped-- what the hell is the one above Boca Raton? I was commercial fishing. Then I went charterboating, and



twenty hours a week. Of course, in the summer this meant sometimes seventy or eighty hours, but he figured that in the winter, when he couldn't do anything, it made up for all the extra hours that he put in. But his philosophy was always, the job gets finished, no matter how many hours it takes. I don't think people figure that way very much any more. Not these days.

Q: Were you involved in the charterboat operation too, Helen?

HS: Well, only as a supplier. <sup>ending</sup> I had to have clean, starched, ironed clothes for Phil and our son. Our son worked for Phil seven or eight years, I guess. At a guess.

PS: Well, charterboating only two.

HS: Until he went to-- when he was in college, of course. The second year he had to work at a job that was related to his work. So that was the end of the charterboating for Peter.

But there were always supplies to get, huge lunches to make. And, of course, the main thing was to stay by the telephone and take the reservations. 'Of course, now they don't do that. They have a booth. We never approved of that. We had a lot of people who'd call us. We really didn't need a reservation booth. And so we never joined the-- the others rather resented that we didn't join the thing, but we had no need of it. Phil was booked up so far ahead.

PS: Very often I'd be booked two trips a day for three weeks ahead. I didn't have an opening.

fourteen biats and if you're lucky you get one kind of fish. No, Cape Cod Bay is a frog pond. The seas never get to be-- in all my years in Cape Cod Bay, they never got to be over eleven feet high. The seas down there in Florida not uncommonly run thirty feet high. But where the seas here are eleven feet apart, the seas down there are a mile apart. They crest and you go up and up and up and up and up, and you go down and down and down and down. It's an entirely different occupation.

Q: Why did you come back?

PS: Well, they don't pay anything. I finally got a job with Frances Langford.

Q: She was a singer?

PS: A singer. With Bob Hope. A really lovely person.

Q: She was?

HS: Yes. She's still alive.

PS: I got her her first sailfish.

HS: She was alive last year.

PS: She was one of the very few women my wife was never jealous of. And that's something to say. No, she was a nice person and she was a wonderful fisherman. It was like having your own boat, but no expenses.

Q: You were the captain of her boat?

PS: I ran a boat for her, yes.

MS: When she didn't want to use it, he could take out parties, which he picked up mostly at the dock, you see.

PS: I got in trouble one year, because the first of January the harbormaster came down and he said, hey, you're in trouble. And I said, why? He said, you made money.

And I-- what's the trouble?

This is a tax writeoff and you're not supposed to make money.

They had just put in a new three-thousand dollar Chrysler motor. So at the end of three months they yanked the new motor out, put a new motor in, so that they would be in the red, because the DOLPHIN is not supposed to make money. I built up a very nice clientele, took a lot of very nice people fishing.

MS: They had rental cottages, people who stayed all winter. And these people lived around the boat basin and the cottages were around the boat basin. So they would go out with Phil quite often. And he had a pretty good-- he picked up people. A lot of people came to watch.

PS: I had a nice clientele. I had some very, very nice people.

Q: How long were you down there?

PS: Well, all together-- we stayed home two years to get our son through high school, because we had trouble transferring him back and forth. But all together we were there eight years over a ten-year period. But I worked for Frances for-- what, six years?

HS: Six years. We lived in their grapefruit grove.

PS: But they came up here in their yacht, CHANTICLEER, and my mate about went off his rocker. He never had seen a hundred and eighteen foot yacht. Over at the Kennedy Compound, you know? And they fished with me-- well, they went for a boat ride with me.

Q: Who?

PS: The Evinrudes. She was married first, when I went down there, to John Hall, and then after seventeen years she divorced him. Then she married Ralph Evinrude of Evinrude Motors.

So they came up here and I said, look, I've fished-- they were very unusual millionaires, because they took Helen and me for boat rides on their hundred and eighteen foot yacht. Now millionaires don't do that with the hired hands, except these people. And I got in more trouble-- whatever. So I said, well, if you give me a ride on your yacht, then you're going to have to ride on my yacht. Right? That's fair enough. But we didn't catch any fish, but anyway we had a boat ride.

So I said, well, I think I've worked for you six years and I haven't had any raise in pay, and I think either you don't appreciate me or I'm not worth what I think I am, so I would like a two dollar a day raise. And they said, no raise.

Well, this is the thing, this is the thing with those people, and I understand it. We could have gone and we could have gotten enough-- what do they call it today? Perks? You know, we could have enough kickbacks. I would never operate that way. I'm just not built that way. And I got in quite a lot of trouble because I

wouldn't take a kickback. And they wouldn't give me a two-dollar a day raise, so I wouldn't go back and fish with them.

Well, we'd had it. We were-- what? Six months in Florida and six months here, and it got to be-- where do I live? You know, do I live in Florida or do I live on Cape Cod? And I had my own business here, my own charterboat business.

HS: They would have liked us to move down there year-round.

PS: Oh, they would have hired us full-time. Yes, no question. But it was not the sort of life-- one, we didn't know where we lived. Two, I never worked for anybody. This was something, this working for somebody and being responsible to somebody for what I did was just outside of our-- that was not the way we lived. You know, we were responsible to ourselves only.

Q: Can we come back to Billingsgate shoals? I understand that it used to be-- of course, I'm, you know, a newcomer here-- but I understand that it used to be inhabited, that it had a church and a school and houses?

PS: Yes, Billingsgate Island.

Q: When you people came down here, what state was it in?

PS: Well, before we came here-- I was here in the summer of '28. And at that time there were a few clammers, clamdiggers' shanties, on Billingsgate. But I think in the hurricane of-- what, '28?-- they got washed off. And if you go back to Champlain's map of 1500,

there were four islands there, not one, but four. And I expect if you went back to 1200, Billingsgate Shoal was at one time-- the whole five miles of the shoal was land.

Q: But when you came there were just some clamdiggers' shanties?

PS: Well, in '28. When we came in '34, they were gone.

Q: Because you said you went over to Billingsgate Shoals and anchored?

PS: Well, the island has changed. I never knew where the name, Lugan, came from. I don't even know how you spell it. L-o-u-g-a-n-n, I would presume. That's gone. The horseshoe is gone. Old Island has now become part of Billingsgate Island, and the difference in Old Island and Billingsgate Island-- where there was a bay in there. All that has changed. There's nothing left out there now of what was the island, except the stones of the breakwater, which surrounded Billingsgate Light. But that was before our time.

Q: Yes, that's what I thought. What do you say, Phil? Would it be all right if I came back again, because I don't think I can get through all the rest of the things I want to ask you about, and I'm almost out of tape anyway. So would that be okay?

PS: Yes.

Q: All right. Shall we call it a day for today?

PS: If you want.

Q: Unless you have something you wanted to add. Is there

something you wanted to add?

PS: No, not particularly.

WRITTEN BY PHIL SCHWIND

- CLAM SHACK COOKERY (Paperback)  
Privately printed 1967
- CAPE COD TOOK ME IN (Paperback)  
Privately printed 1968
- CLAM SHACK CLAMMER (Paperback)  
Privately printed 1970
- CLAM SHACK COOKERY (Hardcover)  
International Marine Publishing Company 1975  
(This was a reprinting of the above three)
- STRIPED BASS AND OTHER CAPE COD FISH (Paperback)  
Chatham Press 1972
- CAPE COD CHILDREN, CRITTERS AND BOATS (Paperback)  
Privately printed 1973
- CANDLES FROM BAYBERRIES (Paperback Pamphlet)  
Privately printed 1968
- A REASONABLE CAPE COD LIAR (Paperback)  
Privately printed 1971
- CAPE COD FISHERMAN (Hardcover)  
International Marine Publishing Company 1974
- MAKING A LIVING ALONGSHORE (Hardcover)  
International Marine Publishing Company 1976
- PRACTICAL SHELLFISH FARMING (Hardcover)  
International Marine Publishing Company, 1977
- Magazine articles for: SALT WATER SPORTSMAN; FISHING WORLD;  
GOLDEN MAGAZINE; NATIONAL FISHERMAN; CAPE COD COMPASS  
(Under three different owners)
- Guest Columns For: FALMOUTH ENTERPRISE; BERKSHIRE EAGLE
- Weekly Column (IT'S A PHIL SCHWIND THAT BLOWS NO GOOD) for  
THE CAPE CODDER from April 13, 1963 to June 24, 1976